AN EULOGY

ON THE

LIFE AND SERVICES

OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF

POULTNEY AND VICINITY,

April 19th, 1865.

BY HENRY CLARK, ESQ.

RUTLAND:
TUTTLE, GAY & COMPANY.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

POULTNEY, April 21, 1865.

HENRY CLARK, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:

The undersigned having been much gratified in listening to the Eulogy upon the Life and Character of our late President, and believing that many of the citizens of this town and neighborhood as well as ourselves, would gladly keep so just and faithful an account of him who had made himself so widely known, and so well beloved, unite in requesting a copy of it for publication.

JOHN GOADBY,
RALPH RICHARDS,
JOHN NEWMAN,
D. DWIGHT COLE,
JOHN JAY JOSLIN,
WM. H. POOR,
E. H. GIBSON.

POULTNEY, April 22, 1865.

REV. JOHN GOADBY, D. D., HON. RALPH RICHARDS, REV. JOHN NEWMAN, D. D., AND OTHERS,

SIRS:

Your kind note of the 21st, requesting for publication my Address upon the Life and Character of President Lincoln is received. Prepared at the request of my fellow citizens, I cannot refuse to submit it to you, although written in great haste. I herewith hand you the manuscript.

Most Respectfully,
Your Ob't Servent,
HENRY CLARK.

NOTE.—The Address was repeated at Middletown May 1st, and at Wells, June 1st, at the request of the citizens of those towns.

EULOGY.

Fellow Citizens :

I am sincerely and deeply sensible how unfitted I am for meeting the demands of such an hour, or of doing justice to an event which has hardly left a loyal heart unmoved, or a loyal eye unmoistened in our whole country, and made us a nation of mourners.

It is no common task you have assigned me. It is no common event which has assembled us together. No joyous ceremonial—no inaugural fete, which has this day gathered you within these walls. The emblems of woe are around us ; a nation is clad in the habiliments of mourning, and the voice of wailing and lamentation is heard upon every breeze. The head of this Republic—the elect of the people—the idol of a nation's hopes, so recently called for the second time to preside over the destinies of our beloved country, the Patriot —the President has fallen by the hand of an assassin. The illustrious man who but yesterday, on the steps of the Federal Capitol, under the shadow of our National banner—and in the presence of assembled thousands from all parts of the land, pronounced the solemn vow of fidelity to the Constitution, and invoked the Ruler of the Universe to attest the sincerity of the pledge which he then gave, has been compelled by a murderers hand to lay down the high commission with which he was invested. The tongue which was then eloquent of truth is now mute forever, even while its last echoes are yet lingering upon the ear ; the eye which then kindled with the inspiration of an exalted patriotism is already sealed in eternal sleep ; and the heart which then throbbed with the deepest anxiety for a nation's welfare is forever at rest.

Cold indeed must be the heart of him, who casting his thoughts back but a few days, can look unmoved upon the scene which is passing before us, and dead the mind that could fail to learn from it the solemn and impressive lessons it is so well calculated to impart. How overwhelming to us all is the literal reality of this event? We feel almost that we are in the presence of the dead—that we can reach forth and touch the temple of that once proud spirit—that we can feel its pulsations depart, and catch the last flickerings of that "light of life" which had burned so brightly? We see the sable garment of the widow and the orphan! We witness the tears as they course down the manly cheeks of his cabinet ministers as they stood in awe and sorrow around that dying bed.

The grief with which the heart of the nation has throbbed with so much intensity, has been thrown out to every extreme, —and back again has each pulsation been returned, to remind us that in those extremes, every ennobling sensibility is alive to the nation's loss. The press with its thousand tongues, speaking from amidst its garbs of mourning—the pulpit with its sacred and admonitory voice—the church bell with its solemn tones, have all borne testimony to the scenes which have been passing in our country—and give assurance that we are not here in vain to add our humble but sincere tribute of respect to the memory of the departed Patriot and Statesman.

Let us endeavor to make good this hour of meeting and store away some gems of memory, which we may cast ere we depart, into the casket of a nation's grief!

Our purpose though sad is high—pure, holy. The noblest emotions of the human heart have brought us together. We are here to add our voice of mourning to that which has gone up from every section of the country for the loss of one who, while living, gave to his country the service of an honest, a devoted and patriotic heart, and dying hath bequeathed to it, a character of integrity and honor and a fame upon which the world will dwell with admiration and delight, through succeeding ages.

The great historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in referring to the reign of one of the Antonines—declared "It was marked by the rare advantage of furnishing few materials for history, which is indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes of mankind."

However true this dark picture may have been, when applied to the history even of the wisest and best of those who have been immortalized by the pen of Gibbons' genius, yet we can point with confidence and pride to the life of a republican Patriot and President as adding a brighter and purer page to history.

A rapid review of such a life must be at all times interesting, and it certainly cannot be otherwise than appropriate to this occasion.

Abraham Lincoln was born on the 12th day of February, 1807, in Harden County, Kentucky. His father, Thomas Lincoln, was in humble circumstances, and finding life in a Southern State affording him no prospect for success, and only offering for his children a hopeless struggle with the more fortunate, and feeling keenly the disadvantages growing out of his own lack of education, desired to give his son better facilities for learning than he had enjoyed. When his son was but eight years old, he removed to a new home in Spencer County, Indiana. Here aided by his young son, in the wilds of a western free state, he erected a log cabin. At this place, Abraham passed the next 12 years of his life. Before his mother's death, which occurred when he was 10 years old, she assisted him in learning to read. Soon he learned to write and was considered a prodigy, when he wrote to an old friend of his mother's, a traveling preacher, and begged him to come and preach a sermon over his mother's grave. Three months after, it is said Parson Elkins came—the friends assembled, a year after her death, to pay a last tribute of respect to the one he loved so well. A year or two afterward he attended a school kept by a Mr. Crawford, one of the settlers. His progress was rapid, and by faithfulness and perseverance won the

interest and esteem of his teacher. A book was a rarity in the settlement, but by diligent search among the inhabitants, he succeeded in finding a few volumes, and became thoroughly conversant with Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Esop's Fables, a Life of Patrick Henry, and Weem's Life of Washington. An incident is related by his old friend and instructor, having loaned him a copy of Ramsey's Life of Washington. He read it at his leisure—one night he laid it down carefully, as he thought. The next morning he found it nearly ruined. The storm had beaten through the log house, and the appearance of the book was soiled. He went directly to Mr. Crawford, and pointed out to him the serious injury, and frankly, honestly told him he had no money to repay him, and offered to work for him until he was satisfied. He accepted the offer, and gave Abraham the book for his own for three days' labor in steadily *pulling fodder*. This incident was an early evidence of the honor and integrity which was a ruling principle in his whole life.

His means of education being necessarily limited, he directed his mind to the study of the practical and useful, rather than ornamental.

Although no incidents of the youth of Mr. Lincoln are related illustrating the precociousness of intellect or giving any glittering promise of the high distinction which he in after life attained, yet there was an early development of those qualities of mind and heart, which are sure guarantees of usefulness and success. An ardent temperament, a manly independence, untiring energy and firmness of purpose, coupled with modest demeanor, characterized the youth and constituted the broad and strong foundation, upon which was built that monument of fame which promises to endure so long as great deeds, generons impulses, and noble daring are admired and celebrated among men.

In 1830, his father removed to Decatur, Ill. Mr. Lincoln had now attained his majority, and was at liberty to begin an independent life, but refused to assume his freedom until he had given aid to his father in breaking ground for the corn,

and making a rail fence around the farm. From this latter incident was derived the name often applied to him, which has passed into song and story which is familiar to all.

In 1832, at the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, we find him the Captain of a Militia Company, and it is said of him, "He was an efficient, faithful officer, watchful of his men, and prompt in the discharge of duty, and his courage and patriotism shrank from no dangers or hardships." After his military life was passed, we find him running for the Legislature, though defeated. In the mean time, we find him a Merchant, Postmaster, and Surveyor.

In 1834, his political life commenced, having been elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois. He was admitted to the bar in 1836, and commenced the practice of law at Springfield, in partnership with the Hon. John T. Stuart. Mr. Lincoln was three times elected to the Legislature, and here commenced his political acquaintance with the late Stephen A. Douglas. He then remained six years in private life, devoting himself entirely to his profession, displaying remarkable ability and gaining an enviable reputation.

In 1847, he was elected to Congrsss and was the only representative of his party from Illinois, which then had seven members in Congress. The Congress of which Mr. Lincoln was a member, had under consideration questions of great importance to the country. The Mexican war was then in progress and many grave questions arising out of it were under discussion. The irrepressible slavery conflict was there also. The right of petition in reference to the District of Columbia, and the territories.

Many will recollect that in the Senatorial contest of 1858, Judge Douglas, sharply, and clearly charged him with having been opposed to the Mexican war, and taking side with the common enemy against his country.

Mr. Lincoln replied to the charge, saying, "I was an old whig, and whenever the Democratic party tried to get me to vote that the war had been righteously begun by the President, I would not do it. But whenever they asked for any money

or land-warrants, or anything to pay the soldiers there during all that time, I gave the same vote that Judge Douglass did." Mr. Douglass never renewed the charge afterwards, for he knew that this explicit denied by Mr. Lincoln carried its weight with the people, and no one questioned his statement thus made.

While in Congress he took his stand against slavery. A resolution was introduced into the House of Representatives for a Committee to report a bill abolishing the Slave trade in the District of Columbia. Mr Lincoln moved an amendment to the resolution, instructing them to introduce a bill for the abolition, not of the Slave trade only, but of Slavery within the District. He voted more than forty times, as he said, in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, in whatever form it came up, and placed his name on record as a constant and earnest opponent of the aggressions of Slavery. In 1848, Mr. Lincoln was a member of the National Convention that nominated General Taylor for the Presidency, and canvassed Illinois in his favor. In 1849, he was for the first time a candidate for the the United States Senate, but without success. In 1854, the famous Nebaska bill was passed. The political campaign of that year in Illinois, was one of the severest ever known, and was intensified by the fact that a United States Senator was to be elected by the Legislature, then to be chosen. Mr. Lincoln took a prominent part in the campaign, but withdrew himself as a candidate for Senator, securing the votes of his friends for Judge Trumbell, who was elected over Mr. Shields. In this canvass he met Mr. Douglass before the people on two occasions only, and it was on one of them that Mr. Lincoln made his memorable argument in reference to the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, in which the following positive and conclusive sentences occur:

"My distinguished friend says it is an insult to the emigrants of Kansas and Nebraska, to suppose that they are not able to govern themselves. I admit that the emigrant to Kansas and Nebraska is competent to govern himself, *but I*

deny his right to govern any other person without that persons' consent.' "

At the first National Convention of the Republican party at Philadelphia, in 1856, at which John C. Fremont was nominated for the Presidency, having during the time when the vexed questions of Kansas and Nebraska, occupied the public attention, been true to his record, and as he had opportunity opposed his plain good sense and honest speech to the arguments of his opponents, received 111 votes for the Vice Presidency.

We now approach those memorable debates between him and Stephen A. Douglass—debates in which the mental characteristics of the two statesmen were brought out and displayed to the best advantage. The reader of the debates, although he be a political opponent, cannot fail to have seen that clear perception, strong good sense and unwavering truth, marked all of Mr. Lincoln's arguments.

Mr. Lincoln addressed a letter to Mr. Douglass, challenging him to a series of debates during the campaign. The challenge was accepted, and seven joint debates were held. They were scattered over all sections of the State, from the north to the extreme south. The greatest excitement prevailed. The different parties turned out to do honor to their champions. Processions, cavalcades, bands of music, the roar of cannon made every day a day of excitement, at times even assuming the wildest form. No intellectual contest on this continent has ever been watched from one section to another, with such deep interest, and never before were political debates so generally and widely read as were these, with the exception of those between Webster and Hayne in 1832. I well remember the contest, and although at the time a friend and partizan of Judge Douglass, the ability displayed by Mr Lincoln was not unobserved, and many commendations were awarded him by those who were his political opponents.

At the first discussion held at Ottawa, Mr. Douglass used the expression that, " He did not care whether Slavery was

voted up or down." We cannot refrain from quoting the close of Mr. Lincoln's speech in reply. He says :

" Henry Clay is my beau ideal of a statesman—the man for whom I fought all my humble life once said of a class of men who would repress all tendencies to liberty and ultimate emancipation, that they must if they would do this, go back to the era of our independence—and muzzle the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return ; they must blow out the moral lights around us ; they must penetrate the human soul and eradicate there the true love of liberty ; and then and not till then could they perpetuate Slavery in this country."

" To my thinking when Judge Douglass says, " he cares not whether Slavery is voted up or down," that it is a sacred right of self-government, he is in my judgmtnt penetrating the human soul and eradicating the light of reason, and the love of liberty in this American people."

We have perhaps pursued these debates as far as the proprieties of the present occasion admit, and we leave them as they have passed into history and are familiar to all.

When the National Convention of the Republican party assembled at Chicago, in May 1860, it was supposed the distinguished statesman of New York, William H. Seward, would be nominated for the Presidency. The attendance from all parts of the country was immense, and it soon became evident that the contest lay between Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln. We all remember the result of the contest. The first ballot gave Mr. Seward 173 1-2 votes to 102 for Mr. Lincoln. On the second ballot, the first indication of the final result was made known, when the chairman of the Vermont delegation, which had been divided on the previous ballot, announced, when the name of Vermont was called, that " Vermont gave her 10 votes for the young giant of the West, Abraham Lincoln. On the third ballot, Mr. Lincoln received the nomination amid the wildest enthusiasm. On the motion of the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts of New York, a friend of Mr. Seward, the nomination was made unanimous.

It is unnecessary for me to review the progress of the can-

vass until his triumphant election as President of the United States—as his history from that period to the fatal day when he fell by the foul shot of the assassin, is as familiar as household words. We firmly believe the loyal people of all parties look back with satisfaction upon the vote that made Mr. Lincoln President of the United States in 1860,—although our country has passed through a sea of blood, and the National debt has swollen to millions, yet the compensation is ample, for it settled the issue of that great conflict between freedom and Slavery.

Time would fail me to present to you the transactions that took place from the election of Mr. Lincoln, to his inauguration, or to characterize in proper language the acts of the wretched administration during that period, of the man who deliberately informed the Congress of the United States that they had no power to carry on war against any State, either to prevent a threatened violation of the Constitution or enforce the acknowledgement that the Government of the United States was supreme, and yet it is not strange perhaps that a President, who would keep as his prime ministers open traitors to the Government, should express such sentiments. The time between the assembling of Congress and the 4th of March, is fraught with great events in the history of the Government. All tenders of conciliation that could in honor be made by loyal men towards the South were offered, but of no avail. Mr. Lincoln entered upon his duties as Chief Magistrate of a distracted Republic. Sumter was fired upon. The North was aroused, and as one man they resolved to sustain the Government, and the Constitutionally elected President. Our fellow citizens rushed forward to the defence of Washington. Let us not forget that this is the anniversary of that bloody 19th of April—when the first blood of the Revolution was spilled at Concord, also of the day when traitors fired upon Massachusetts soldiers in the city of Baltimore. That this is the day upon which the first blood was spilled in defence of the Government, also in the second Revolution for freedom and human rights on these western shores. At this hour in

one of the cities of the honored old commonwealth of Massachusetts a monument is being raised to perpetuate the names and memory of the first martyrs that were sacrificed by this rebellion upon their country's altar, in defence of human liberty, and sad indeed is the spectacle, this day witnessed. The mournful procession that bears to the tomb all that was mortal of the Chief Magistrate of the nation they died to save. Sad as is the parallel, yet there is joy mingled with our sorrow; these martyr heroes are at rest—the Chief lies low, but freedom marches on, and human liberty is vindicated. The shouts and hosannahs of a long enslaved race make the air resonant with the praises of liberty to the captive, and thank God, free principles, free soil, and free men, are now the heritage of the American Republic, and constitute a grander monument to these martyrs than any monumental pile that records the name, the deeds, the death of any monarch that ever walked the earth.

The acts of Mr. Lincoln as President have ever been consistent with the principles enunciated in his first Inaugural Address. He has never faltered, but marched steadily on keeping step to the music of human freedom, having full in view the emancipation of his country from armed traitors, and higher, holier than all, the disenthrallment of an enslaved race from the shackles of human Slavery.

I should weary your patience were I to attempt to give even an outline of the administration of President Lincoln, for all the people have read, understood, and recorded in their hearts the good deeds, the free principles and the official acts of the late Chief Magistrate. No one needs to rehearse them in the presence of an assembly of intelligent American citizens —they would fall upon the ear as a twice told tale. It is sufficient to say that the highest honor any man on earth could court was accorded to him, for it was reserved for Mr. Lincoln in the ordering of a wise Providence in this 19th century to proclaim freedom to four millions of human beings in bondage.

To Washington was accorded the honor of being the Father of

his Country, and releasing our Fathers from the yoke of British tyranny ; to Abraham Lincoln will be awarded the honor of being the Saviour of his Country, and having driven Slavery from this western continent. '

As we conclude the review of his public and official acts, and pass to some of those qualities which ennobled his heart, it is not too much to say of Abraham Lincoln that he possessed the confidence of the people to a higher degree perhaps, than any individual living. It is equally true that to his experience, tried integrity, and exalted patriotism, they looked for deliverance from the many embarrassments that surrounded them. They had the assurance in his past life of inflexible honesty and upright intention. Whether his administration of affairs in the future, would have realised in all respects the high wrought expectations of the people who had garnered up their hopes in him, is not the question. It is sufficient to know that the people trusted him.

Having thus delineated as time and courtesies of the occasion would permit, it remains to gather from the varied picture his life presents a few of the leading traits which mark the individual man.

His humanity and tender regard for all—his generosity, disinterestedness and utter disregard of self. His heart was the dwelling place of none but gentle affections. He treasured up no dark remembrance of wrong. He carried with him into his high office no feeling of personal unkindness, even toward those who warred most bitterly against him. This trait was beautifully illustrated in his joint debates with Judge Douglass in 1858. In their tour through the State, they travelled in the same carriage, stopped at the same hotel, occupied the same room, addressed the same audience in direct and bitter controversy, were companions in leisure hours, and yet not an unkind word was uttered to his opponent. He knew how to be a bitter political enemy, yet ever a gentleman, and carry with him into all circles a kind heart.

I have said nothing as yet of his personal relations to the soldiers in the army. He felt the highest regard for all. Rank

had no consideration with him; holding the highest office in the gift of the people, yet ever recognized the private soldier in the street, camp, hospital or field, with no less courtesy than him who wore the stars. Many interesting and touching incidents might be related of his personal services in aiding and assisting those who appealed to him in behalf of their friends in the army. He was ready to sympathize with those who have been bereaved by the great contest in which we have been engaged. Is there in this presence to-day a father, mother, wife, children, brother or sister who mourns a friend fallen—in Mr. Lincoln you had a sympathizing friend. Whether your loved ones occupy graves on the field—by the old homestead, or find their last resting-place in a Soldier's Cemetery—he would lead you, however humble in life your station, to the tomb of your loved ones and mingle his tears with yours.

But who shall make the record of the many private virtues which surrounded and sanctified his fireside? Who shall relate the noble deeds of charity which diffused their influence around his home? There is no record kept on earth of the sorrows of the humble, and none which can disclose the great and unpretending ministry which relieves the wants of the distressed; and well did the unfortunate know the heart which was ever open to the cry of distress. The tales which have been told in illustration of this beautiful trait of his character are many of them so unlike anything we have been accustomed to see around us as to have been regarded by many as mere fables. Incredible however as they may have seemed, some of the most incredible were true. That the same may be said of most of them I verily believe, and when we remember that one of the very last acts of his life, was one of the purest and noblest charity towards one who had stood loyal to the Government of his fathers and the flag of his country, in the midst of the deepest treason, surrounded by the blackest rebels, in the most loathed city of the rebellion.

Immediately after our army had taken possession of Charleston, the President wrote a letter to the commanding officer, directing him to enquire after the family of the late James L.

Pettigru, and to provide them with whatever they might need. He enclosed fifty dollars as a personal contribution towards their wants, if they should be in a condition to require it. Special instructions were also given to secure them full protection and the quiet occupation of their home. Mr. Pettigru, it will be remembered, was one of the most distinguished lawyers of South Carolina, and stood firm and immovable, though almost alone, in his devotion to the Union, through all the madness of the nullification of 1832, and of secession at a later day. Like every other Southern Union man, he was reduced to poverty by his course, but his high toned integrity and unflinching devotion to principle commanded the respect even of his most bitter political foes. This charity was a fitting close to Mr. Lincoln's benefactions and the crowning act of a noble life.

I can dwell no longer on the attractive theme of his private life. All those high qualities, those rare endowments and ennobling virtues have perished with the manly heart around which they were so richly clustered. He has taken his place in the national pantheon ; he is enrolled in the list of the illustrious dead.

But fellow citizens, what shall we say of the awful cowardly deed which brought low our Chief Magistrate. That fatal shot was the crowning act of the rebellion, and as the rebellion dies it wins its most signal victory.

By the blow of the assassin—who profits by the unsuspicious courage of one of the most generous of men, the rebellion takes the life of the only man in this country who could have saved the lives of its leaders. This act of cowardice will outlive the memory of every other act of the rebellion. It is its most fitting memorial.

Whether with some historians, we consider the great rebellion as beginning when a cowards' blow struck Mr. Sumner down on the floor of the Senate of the United States, or whether with others, we count it as beginning when outlaws of Missouri were permitted to make ravages on unarmed settlers in the wilderness, or whether its birth-day was the day when an army

opened its fire upon a starving company of men which had spared them for weeks as they made their open approaches, or whether its birth is to be reckoned from the time when its leaders swore fidelity to the constitution that they might plunder the nation's treasury and arsenals; one ruling principle has presided in its history from its birth to its death. In the the moment of its death that principle reveals itself most precisely in two deeds of the meanest and lowest crimes to which no savages now known in history would have descended.

And as to the methods of the rebellion. Whether its most distinguished invention in war were the hanging of unarmed citizens, seized in their beds, suspended over the track of railways as a lesson to travelers, or the sending of emissaries into the country of its enemies to overturn trains of cars and take the lives of women and children and gray haired men together, hundreds of miles from the seat of war; or the firing at an hour agreed upon, of the hotels of a great city filled with travelers from every country who had no concern in warfare; or the burning of ships upon the seas, as the signal to lure brave men to their destruction, when they urged all speed on their vessels in hopes of saving life; or the collecting of prisoners of war by thousands, in a prison where they would freeze to death in slow but certain tortures; or the gathering them beneath an almost tropical sun in midsummer, and starving them in the long madness of delayed death. Whatsoever boasts may be made by General Lee the head of the army, or Mr. Davis the head of the State, as to their ingenuity in devising these modern improvements in warfare for which they are responsible, the two crimes of Friday last are still the acts which will outlive all in memory.

Nothing can be more wicked or more base than have been all these new methods of modern warfare. But when the ruler of a nation is murdered in cold blood, the act is remembered as is no other murder; and the chivalry which kills unarmed nurses who are endeavoring to defend a sick man from his assassin is especially and typically Southern. We will do the rebels the justice to say that their system of warfare em-

braces many other acts as atrocious. But the station and condition of the victims, and the moment selected for the murders give these two crimes a preeminence which will make them the monument of all.

To speak of these murderers simply as accomplices of the Confederate Government at Danville, we need not produce their credentials signed by Mr. Davis. He has been carrying on war for more than four years in a spirit which is recognized at once as the inspiration of these crimes. And these crimes belong to that outer circle of barbarism which the Constitution of the Confederate States is pledged to defend. It is more than four years since, that a colleague of Jefferson Davis in the the Senate of the United States, said that the people of Mississippi would hang a United States Senator by the way-side, if he were found in their country. When the Confederate States withdrew from such a check as the Federal Government had on them, it was to inaugurate in part just such a system of murder to their political opponents as had been proclaimed. The murder of the loyalist of Tennessee, was only one example of such crimes. The murder of the President is another. The Tennessee murders, the crime for which Beal was hanged—the New York fires—the atrocities of Semmes—the St. Albans raid—the agonies of Belle Isle, and the starvation of thousands at Andersonville and Salisbury, are tacitly justified by the Rebel Government at the hands of whose agents they were wrought.

Assassination is in truth but a part of the system against which for these four years we have made war. The war is a war of civilization against barbarism. It is the war of a people which cultivates the arts of peace and looks for steady improvenent in social order, against a people pledged to resist all such improvement, and proud of their skill in the arts of bloodshed. When the war begun, the feeling of the country was that it was the rebellion of outlaws against civil order. The special crime we then thought of them, was treason. Treason was justly charged, but it was not our only enemy.

Less superficial students soon saw here was a republic matched against an oligarchy—democracy fighting against aristocracy. But that statement does not define the contest. As we went on, the country found that universal freedom was at issue, against the right to carry Slavery everywhere. But that was not all—we found that we were contending under the system by which Christian civilization has instigated warfare against those who were proud to acknowledge that they knew no higher law than passion. We found that we were fighting against barbarians. The struggle is one of those struggles which must come as the world advances now in an arena of blood—now in happier conflicts between civilization and barbarism.

One feature of this barbarism is slavery. But that is only one. Another feature is an oligarchy, which oppresses all labouring men. One feature is the maintenance of ignorance; but that is only one. One feature is the setting of religion outside of life as a piece of Sunday ornament. Duelling, starvation of the poor, the oppression of minorities, the debasement of women, the imprisonment of strangers, virtual isolation from all mankind, are all parts of the separate system. But no one then is to be spoken of as if it were the only characteristic of the system, or as if it gave to it its name. Its name is barbarism. Murder is simply one of its traits; but it is a necessary and essential trait. Through the whole rebellion, and long before the rebellion, it was one of natural features of the system. It has now found for itself a mark sufficiently exalted to draw the attention of the world and of history. It is some such tragedy as that of Friday last, which makes them rightly estimate the system from which such crimes are born.

There was no necessity for J. Wilkes Booth to cry out *sic semper tyrannis*, the motto of the State of Virginia, as he fled from the scene of the murder; with her credentials or without them, no one would have doubted that he represented her interest and was true to her system. It is in view of successive murders of more humble victims or the wholesale of prisoners of war, of incendiary attempts planned by officers, com missioned by them—all crimes which the Confederate Government dare not disown—that it and its system will be held responsible for this central and emblematic crime.

I trust I shall not trespass upon the proprieties of the occasion or place, if I call your attention for a moment to him upon whom the responsibilities of the Government have so suddenly fallen.

Andrew Johnson of Tennessee is now President of the United States. Like his immediate predecessor, a native of a slave State, and of humble parentage, he has risen to high political

station by the exhibition of those rare qualities which ordinarily command success in a free country. He has been civil Governor of a powerful State—a Representative and Senator in Congress, and subsequently Military Governor of Tennessee by the appointment of President Lincoln. In all of these he has carried himself with ability, and no word has ever been uttered against his personal integrity. He has had the confidence of the present administration during the war, and while numerous other Military Governors have so conducted their business affairs as to disappoint the appointing power, and to render their removal necessary, Mr. Johnson has always stood well and has given entire satisfaction to those in authority, although his position was in some respects more difficult than that of any man in a similar official station. There can be no doubt he is an able man, thoroughly loyal, fearless in the performance of duty—and standing high in the confidence of those who know him best, we are not unmindful of the fact that Mr. Johnson has recently, in a measure, lost the public confidence, and in common with the whole country, we deplored the exhibition of a weakness which was so injurious to our nation in the eyes of the civilized world. But there is good reason to believe that this was an exceptional instance of a failing which was regretted by none more than the Vice-President himself; and surely the history of memorable public services is not to be forgotten in the errors of a single day—nor a life-long character for honorable and successful exertions, to be fatally tarnished by the momentary fault of an hour.

Of one trait in the character of our President, we may be perfectly assured, and that is of his uncompromising loyalty and his unalterable determination to maintain the Constitution and enforce the laws. Nor are his opinions of recent date. A personal friend and great admirer of Andrew Jackson, he is of that old school of Democratic politicians, who believe in the Constitution and the Union, and in the use of all the necessary means to protect and preserve them. In the last days of Mr. Buchanan's wretched administration, he took a firm and manly stand, for the right, and in the memorable debate of March 2, 1861, on the report of the Peace Conference, Mr. Johnson denounced with remarkable energy and marked ability, the projected treason by the whole crew of disloyal men, led on by the Senator from Oregon.

"Mr. President" he exclaimed, in the course of the debate, "I was going on to remark to a general allusion to treason, that if individuals were pointed out to me, who were engaged in nightly conspiracies, in secret conclaves, and issuing orders directing the capture of our forts, the taking of our custom

houses, I would show who were the traitors, and that being done, the persons pointed out to me as coming within the province and scope of the provision of the Constitution which I have ready were I the President of the United States I would do as Thomas Jefferson did with Aaron Burr in 1806, I would have them arrested, and if convicted, within the meaning and scope of the Constitution, *by the Eternal God I would execute them.* Sir, treason must be punished. Its enormity, and the extent and depth of the offence must be made known. The time is not distant, if this government is preserved, its Constitution obeyed and its laws executed in every department, when something of this kind must be done."

These words were spoken at a time when the men to whom the government had been intrusted were falling away,—when treason was openly avowed in the midst of the traitorous horde at Washington, and by one who was the native, resident, and representative of a Slave State, and bound by many personal considerations to go with those whom he so vehemently denounced. Such a man, fellow-citizens, may be trusted in the present emergency, and it is the manifest duty of all good citizens to sustain, by their influence, and to bring to his support all those influences which may aid in the execution of the high and important position which he has now assumed.

Fellow-citizens, the honorable career of our President is ended, his task has been accomplished, his fame is secure. He has taken his allotted place by the side of Washington, Jackson and other great names that have gone before him. In the midst of his usefulness—clothed with the highest honors of a grateful nation—with a fame bounded only by the limits of his country's renown,—the hope of the patriot, the pride of the soldier, has been stricken down by the foul hand of an assassin, and death followed it quickly, and all that was mortal of him who stood upon the loftiest summit of human greatness, sleeps in the silent tomb.

Yes, unto its kindred dust, has been returned all that was mortal, but the highest example of his virtues will linger here through all our history. The soil of Illinois may claim as a sacred deposit, the ashes of the illustrious dead, the nation—the world will have his fame as a beacon-light to his country.

"Manly and most devoted was the love"
"With which for her unwearidly he strove—
No selfish lust of Power, nor e'er of Fame
Gave ardor to that pure and generous flame."

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